

Social and Personal

The yachting girl may keep in stays, The hunting maid have killing ways, The golf girl play for the long green, The bathing maid by sea be seen, The dancing maid float like a dove, But the tennis girl is the girl I "love."

Right in Training. "I'll climb the highest peak," she said, "With alpenstock in hand; I'll leap the darkest gorge, too, And scale the summits grand."

Oh, the Difference. Hammock most inviting, Madge so sleepy, too; Bit of Frenchy writing, Love notes, entre nous, O, for this sweet hour, Oh, swinging, neat the trees! Fragrant as a flower, Charming as you please.

Sudden call to lunch. Oh! Sudden writhings strange; Gown all in a bunch, oh! Bless me, what a change! Temper up, hair snarling, Bing! Filippino on the soles; Like love, a clench to fall in, But out again, ye gods!

Spice of Life. In courtship this is ever true, For no one but a drummer Would have the nerve to shun up to The girl he loved last summer.

Society. In so far as Richmond is concerned, is out of town. The midsummer days have brought around the usual exodus and Franklin and Grace Streets begin to look somewhat deserted.

The stay-at-home contingent, arranged in comfortable white frocks, is seen on the piazza in the evening, out of door living after sundown being once again in vogue.

Street car parties, with a promenade on the board-walk at the reservoir and a peep into the gay little Casino there, are popular forms of diversion greatly enjoyed by the young people.

Life is very gay indeed at the Virginia seaside resorts, Virginia and Buckle Beach, Ocean View, Willoughby Beach, Cape Henry and Old Point all having their share of guests. In the mountains, the reason has fully opened at the Greenbrier White Sulphur, the Old Sweet Springs, the Virginia Hot Springs, the Warm, the Rockbridge Alum, the Cold Sulphur, the Alleghany, the Blue Ridge, the Branson, the Jefferson Park and other equally well liked resorts.

Gold links and tennis courts are dotted over with pretty girls, and their beaux, who are indulging in pastime and flirtation with equal dexterity. Mountain walks and drives are with gay laughter and with the presence of spirit-ghosts and their escorts. In the evening the rhythmic sound of the contra dance keeps time with the graceful tapping of the dancers' feet, amid the brilliant lights of the ballroom.

For the tide of midsummer life is at its height and the hearts of twentieth century maidens and men respond to its call.

Norfolk and the Beach. Social life in Norfolk and its vicinity has just now a strong Richmond infusion, the Richmond girls who are Norfolk guests having apparently the most charming possible time.

Miss Sophie White, with Miss Katherine Newbill, of Norfolk; Mr. Godwin Boykin, of Richmond, and Mr. Walker, of Woodberry Forest, was a Fourth of July guest at the Page cottage, Virginia Beach. Miss White is now visiting Miss Salley, at Newport News.

Mrs. Fannie Thaw Grymes and Miss Pate Grymes were among the guests entertained last week by Dr. and Mrs. W. L. Harris, at the Norfolk Country Club. Miss Gertrude Camm attended a delightful supper given Wednesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Hughes, at the Richmond Club, in honor of Mrs. Robert M. Hughes, Jr.

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POEMS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.—Prof. Charles Eliot Norton.

RIENZI'S ADDRESS.

By MISS MITFORD.

Mary Russell Mitford was born in Hampshire, England, Dec. 18, 1785, and died Jan. 16, 1855. Her father was a spendthrift, who squandered \$100,000 which she had drawn in a lottery when she was only seven years old. Her mother, a fortune and the most of his daughter's earnings. Her tragedy of "Rienzi" has for the hero the famous Italian patriot who headed a revolution, became tribune, and was assassinated in 1327.

RIENZI! I come not here to talk. Ye know too well I come against them. But this very day, The bright sun rises to his course, and lights A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beam Falls on a slave!—not such as, swept along By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads To crimson glory, and undying fame!

In that strange spell, a name! Each hour, dark fraud, Or open rapine, or protected murder, Cries out against them. But this very day, An honest man, my neighbor—there he stands— Was struck—struck like a dog—by one who wore The badge of Ursini! because, forsooth, He tossed not high his ready eye in air, Nor lifted up his voice in service, when, At sight of that great ruffian! Be, we men, And suffer such dishonor? Men and wash not The stains away in blood? Such shames are common, I have known deeper wounds. I that speak to ye, I had a brother once, a gracious boy, Full of all gentleness, of calmest spirit, Of heaven upon his face, which limners give To the beloved disciple. How I loved That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years, Brother at once and son! He left my side, A summer bloom on his fair cheeks, a smile A summer bloom on his lips. In one short hour, The pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw The corsé, the mangled corpse, and then I cried For vengeance! Rouse ye Romans! rouse ye slaves! Have ye brave sons? Look, in the next fierce hour, To see them die! Have ye fair daughters? Look To see them live, torn from your arms, dishonored, Dishonored and if ye dare call for justice, Be answered by the lash! Yet this is Rome, That sat on her seven hills, and from her throne Of beauty, ruled the world! Yet we are Romans! Why, in that order day, to be a Roman Was greater than a king—and once again— Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread Of either Brutus!—once again I swear The Eternal city shall be free! her sons Shall walk with princes!

Mr. Charles Johnson, of Harvard, who has been the guest of Mr. Robert A. Hooker, in Norfolk, has returned to Richmond.

Miss Alice Parrish, of Portsmouth, Va., is entertaining a house party which includes Misses Helen Hunter, from Savannah, Ga.; Clara and Alice Ross, her nieces; Misses Alice and Annie, from Houston, from Charlotte, N. C.

Miss Ada Gray has returned to Richmond from a visit to her father, Mr. Andrew Gray, at "Northfield," Cumberland county.

Mrs. Oliver Klippen, of Cumberland, is the guest of her Richmond relatives.

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Miss Elizabeth Faulkner Love, who was sponsor for the Third Virginia United Confederate Veterans, at the Nashville reunion, and has been visiting friends at Orange, Va., since she finally returned to her home in Winchester.

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Miss Emily Virginia Townes, of Petersburg, Va., is having a delightful time in Charleston, S. C., as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William P. Adkins, formerly of Richmond.

The following delegates and alternates have been appointed from the Petersburg Chapter at the general convention of the United Confederate Veterans to be held in St. Louis October 4th.

Mrs. R. T. Meade, Mrs. W. J. Watkins, Mrs. M. B. Meade, Mrs. James W. Clarke, Mrs. R. B. Davis. The alternates will be Miss Ida Lowndes, Mrs. William E. Beesley, Miss Martha Donn, Mrs. M. M. Mann and Miss Lily Boling.

Mr. George L. Frank, Jr., has returned from Baltimore, where he went on July 6th to see his father sail for Europe. Mr. Frank will remain abroad until September, as was stated by mistake in Sunday's column.

Mrs. Charles M. Graves, little daughter, and her daughters, Katherine, Lola and Laura, the family of Colonel John W. Richardson, register of the Land Office, will take place Tuesday afternoon, July 12th, at 5 o'clock, at the Pine Street Baptist Church. The groom is advertising manager of Russell, Simpson and Tackett, of Norfolk, and second lieutenant of Company A, Seventy-first regiment.

Personal Mention. Mrs. Thomas M. Rutherford is spending some time very pleasantly with her sisters, Mrs. Beesie Bragdon and Mrs. W. L. Harris, at the Norfolk Country Club. Miss Gertrude Camm attended a delightful supper given Wednesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Hughes, at the Richmond Club, in honor of Mrs. Robert M. Hughes, Jr.

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Mrs. Charles Culpeper, of Court Street, Portsmouth.

Miss Mary Marshall, of Lynchburg, is visiting friends in Richmond. Miss Marshall is accompanied by a party to Virginia Beach for the return.

Mrs. T. F. Hall is the guest of relatives and friends at Burr's, George, Va.

Miss Virginia Chamberlaine is visiting Mrs. Lee on Mallory Avenue, Hampton, Va.

A house party given by Mrs. Robert Hooker, of Hampton, Va., to her son, Robert A. Hooker, enjoyed by all who participated, has just broken up. The party was held at Mrs. Huggins's country place, "Chatterbox," and included Misses Ruth and Margaret Schmeiz, Nellie Wheeler, Kate Whiting, Nellie Peak, Annie Woodward, Nellie Lee, Mary C. Coker and Frances Johnson, near Paul Tabb, Howard Bonnevill, John Gravate, Harry Marrow, Jeff Sinclair and Dr. Sinclair.

Miss Charlotte Miller will spend a part of July with Miss Lily Wemple, of Danville.

Mrs. Coleman, formerly Miss Lee Wingfield, is the guest of Mrs. Sidney Barnett, of Coveseville, Va.

Mrs. F. E. Turner has returned from a visit to Miss Mattie Jones, of Norfolk.

Mrs. Frank B. McGuire and Miss Susie McGuire are visiting Mrs. McGuire's sister, Miss Lucy McGuire, near Millwood, Va.

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WHAT TO WEAR BY THE SEA. By MAY MANTON.

With July comes the first real rush for the beach and the first real surrender to the subtle fascination always found in the sea. During June we talk and plan for an outing that shall mean deep breaths of old Ocean's tonic salt, dips into the strengthening sea and all sorts of happy times spent on the surface in the sun and breeze.

Any one who knows the shore well and has studied the crowds who yearly throng its beaches will not wonder to wonder in the forthright whatever was excited by the groups gathered there. Not the inland sister picture hat with curling plumes, apparently unthoughtful or unknowing that each step made there more and more absurd, that the glory of the feathers was nothing that in the end they presented a curiously bedraggled and sorry aspect.

For morning wear, nothing is so satisfactory as the shirt-waist and coat suits made with skirts that clear the ground. The former may be of linen, of blouse, or made of dainty plain chambray, the latter of linen or any of the materials of the sort in vogue, but both always should be simple in cut and smart in finish. In them one can stroll on the beach, walk over rough places, row, sail, fish, enter into whatever sport may be most.

SUMMER COLDS ARE DANGEROUS. Serious lung and throat troubles often develop from summer colds. Don't let the cough or cold that you regard as nothing more than an annoyance continue without attention. One or two applications of GOWAN'S PNEUMONIA CURE will cure it and prevent more serious complications. Don't delay. Get a bottle to-day. Full size bottles \$1.00 at druggists, or sample bottle by mail 25 cents. GOWAN MEDICAL CO., DURHAM, N. C.

DAILY FASHION HINTS. LADIES' UNDERWEAR. Nos. 6121-6100.—The fit of underwear is as important as that of a dress waist and not only is it a great economy to make one's own undergarments, but it is also a very simple and interesting job. The additional advantage of having garments that fit properly makes it thoroughly worth while to do your own making from patterns at home. Fashion vagaries are almost as marked in lingerie as in frocks, and the models vary greatly from year to year. The night dress models are made with a flat line about the neck, frills and ruffles having been found rather cumbersome. In the design shown on this page provision is made for high or open neck, long or short sleeves. Drawers fitted by darts are most satisfactory, as they do away with extra material at the waist line, and there is always great width as a finish at the knee. As to materials, muslin, cambric and cross-stitch muslin are favorites. The trimmings may be of Swiss or English embroideries, Val or Torchon lace. "Footing" makes a very pretty trimming, using little bands of ribbon run heading at each side. The point d'esprit with square mesh is best to use. It washes well and lasts better than lace. Fine French velvets always gives to the garment a mark of elegance. It is used in seams, between lace and embroidery and through groups of tucks. Sizes for Night Dress, 6121: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Sizes for Drawers, 6100: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. On receipt of 10 cents either of these patterns will be sent to any address. All orders must be directed to THE LITTLE FOLKS PATTERN CO., Nos. 159-160 West Twenty-third Street, New York. When ordering, please do not fail to mention number and to indicate that this coupon is from THE TIMES-DISPATCH. Nos. 6121-6100. Size..... Name..... Address.....

VOICE TREMBLED WHILE HE SPOKE. With a voice at times trembling and quivering with emotion, Rev. Dr. Kerr Boyce Tupper addressed his congregation at the First Baptist Church, Seventeenth and Sanson Streets, yesterday morning regarding statements attributed to him re: the Fifteenth-O'Brien contest. Dr. Tupper had been quoted as saying he had intended to view the contest with some friends, and expressing the opinion that the Mayor should not have interfered. Dr. Tupper's announced pupil theme had been "The Quiet Spirit." He prefaced his statement with the remark that it was somewhat difficult to speak on what he himself did not at that time possess. "There has been published," he said, "a most unwarranted and most cruel article purporting to be an interview with the pastor of this church. Unless contradicted it cannot fall to be of untold injury." Dr. Tupper then denied that he had been interviewed by a representative of the paper in question or by any representative of any paper since May 1st. At the time he was alleged to have given the interview he was in the country visiting with his wife at a desecrated church. He pronounced the whole article a "base and baseless invention, tending to hurt his own good name and the cause of Christ." "That I should favor both a criminal and a brutal prize fight," he said, "no one who knows me will believe. That I should purchase tickets for and attend the vile spectacle none but a corrupt mind could imagine." Early Saturday morning, before the article appeared, he had written to Mayor Weaver, saying that again, as a Christian minister, he was called upon to thank the Mayor for the action taken. In the alleged interview he referred to the excitement ("You don't say so," as one that "no cultivated gentleman would use," and a "rattling good boxing contest") as one that no clergyman of standing would employ. During his statement Dr. Tupper's voice faltered at times, and he seemed struggling to control his emotion. He concluded his statement with the words: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." At the close of the service many members of the congregation sought him out to assure him personally of their sympathy.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Our Mail Order System makes shopping at a distance as satisfactory as if done in person. Careful and prompt attention given to all correspondence. Goods sent on approval—express prepaid. Galt & Bro., Established Over a Century, Jewellers, Silversmiths, Stationers, 1107 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.

Something in a Novelty. We have them. So attractive that the novel wears off. Better call and see them. Other styles too. REPAIRING AND REPAINTING. R. H. BOSHER'S SONS, 15 South Ninth Street, Richmond, Va.

GOOD LUCK MAKES BREAD THAT FATTENS BAKING POWDER.

CUT THIS OUT AND KEEP IT YOU WILL WANT TO READ THIS STORY LATER IF NOT NOW. BOB, SON OF BATTLE. By ALFRED OLLIVANT. (Copyright, 1898, by Doubleday & McClure Co.) "A Book to be Thankful For."

CHAPTER VI.—Continued. The Tailless Tyke had now grown into an immense dog, heavy of muscle and huge of bone. A great bull head; under-jaw, square and lengthy and terrible; vicious, yellow-blooming eyes; cropped ears; and an expression incomparably savage. His coat was a lustrous, lion-like yellow, short, harsh, dense; and his back, running up from shoulder to loins, ended abruptly in the knob-like tail. He looked like the devil of a dog's hell. And his reputation was as bad as his looks. He never attacked unprovoked; but a challenge was never ignored, and he was greedy of insults. Already he had nigh killed Rob Sanderson's colts; Jem Burton's Monkey fled inconspicuously at the sound of his approach; while he had even fought a round with that redoubtable trio, the Vexer, Venus and Van Tromp. Nor in the matter of war, did he confine himself to his own kind. His huge strength and indomitable courage made him the match of almost anything that moved. Long Kirby once threatened him with a broomstick, the smith never did it again. While in the Border Inn he attacked Big Bell, the Squire's under-keeper, with such murderous fury that it took all the men in the room to pull him off. More than once had he and Owd Bob essayed to wipe out mutual memories, Ted Wull, in this case only, the aggressor. As yet, however, while they fenced a moment for that deadly thrusting, the value of which each knew so well, James Moore had seized the chance to intervene. "spuuu sii pou tte to sundown, ill David could hardly see, as he stood, twisting his good oak stick between the white teeth of his jaws. "Hide? It'll not be him I'll hide, I warn you, M'Adam," the Master answered grimly, as he stood, twisting his good oak stick between the white teeth of his jaws. "What's the matter of it, did he confine himself to his own kind. His huge strength and indomitable courage made him the match of almost anything that moved. 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